

had found so convenient that they had ret it, paying the rent between them.

"To-night," said Baby Lant, "do you know we are going to do?"

"I do not," said Patricia, "but if it is any disgraceful, or of the genus madcap (to which belong), I warn you that, as a respectable woman and the mother of a family, I shall have no to do with it!"

"Do you see these?" said Baby Lant.

She pointed to a pile of clothes—doubtful, second-hand-looking clothes—on her sister's bed.

"Take them off my quilt—at once—at once," cried Patricia, with quite unusual violence. Without waiting for Baby Lant to obey, she set the matter herself with a single clutch.

"I got these through Ashbucket Moll," said Baby Lant, watching but not offering to assist her operation.

"They have been well washed and are now as good as—your precious heir to the title of Athabasca after his bath! Well, we are going to put them on—"

"You may—I won't!" cried Patricia, fiercely.

"Yes, you will," said Baby Lant, "when you know what it is for. We are going to see Mr. Molesworth and his new B. I. P. He has lots of help now—priests to *prima donnas*. But this is his own mind. Anyone can ask for advice, or stop and speak to him alone. He won't know us in these things. If anybody wants good advice, Pat, it's you, with such a temper as you've got, and the abuse you can put out to a loving and innocent younger sister!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Patricia. But all the same she let herself be overpersuaded. Besides, she wanted to see the little missionary, for in spite of husband and heir to a lordship, in spite of half a province of pine forests and possible gold mines, she was the same Pat still.

They took the steep way down to the Cowg